

May dispense Blessings,
 And promote the Happiness of Mortals;
 But when hoarded up,
 Or misapply'd,
 Is but Trash, that makes Mankind miserable.

Remember
 The unprofitable Servant,
 Who hid his *Talent* in a Napkin;
 And

The profligate Son,
 Who squander'd away his Substance, and
 fed with the Swine.
 As thou hast got the *GOLDEN HEAD*,
 Observe the *Golden Mean*,
 Be *Good* and be happy.

This Lesson, coming as it were from
 the Dead, struck him with such Awe, and
 Reverence for Piety and Virtue, that, before
 he removed the Treasure, he kneeled down,
 and earnestly and fervently prayed that he
 might make a prudent, just and proper Use
 of it. He then conveyed the Chest away;
 but how he got it to *England*, the Reader
 will

will be informed in the History of his Life.
 It may not be improper, however, in this
 Place, to give the Reader some Account of
 the Philosopher who hid this Treasure,
 and took so much Pains to find a true and
 real Friend to enjoy it. As *Tom* had
 Reason to venerate his Memory, he was
 very particular in his Enquiry, and had this
 Character of him;—that he was a Man
 well acquainted with Nature and with
 Trade; that he was pious, friendly, and
 of a sweet and affable Disposition. That
 he had acquired a Fortune by Commerce,
 and having no Relations to leave it to, he
 travelled through *Arabia*, *Persia*, *India*,
Libia, and *Utopia*, in search of a real Friend.
 In this pursuit he found several, with whom
 he exchanged good Offices, and that were
 polite and obliging, but they often flew off
 for Trifles, or as soon as he pretended to
 be in Distress, and requested their Assistance,
 left him to struggle with his own
 Difficulties. So true is that Copy in our
 Books, which says, *Adversity is the Touch-*
stone of Friendship. At last, however, he